



THREE

SATIRES.

Most Humbly *Anne Johnson*

Inscribed and Recommended to
that *Little* Gentleman, of *Great* Vanity,
who has just published, *A Fourth Volume*
of HOMER.

To which is added,

A Character of the NUNS.

A SATIRE.

——— *Ridentem dicere verum*

Quid vetat? ————— Horace.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. ROBERTS in *Warwick-Lane.* 1719.

(Price Six-pence.)

THREE

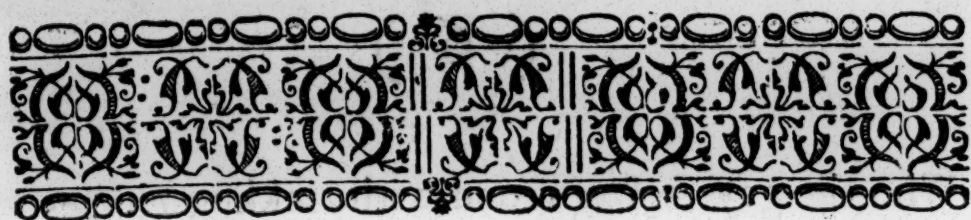


presented to the Trustees of the British Museum
by the Hon. the Secretary of the Admiralty
in the year 1861

THE
ADMIRALTY

THE
ADMIRALTY

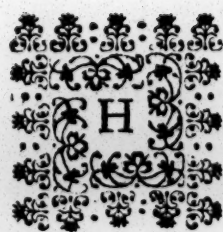
THE
ADMIRALTY



S A T I R E I.

O N T H E

English Translations of H O M E R.

 E's rash and base who do's at *arts* re-
(pine;
True *worth* opposeth; or a *brave* de-
(sign
Well fram'd, and manag'd, e'er pre-
(sumes to blame;
Or envies thence a well-extracted fame,

But when an *unfledg'd* author, flush'd with Praise
Sprung from *light* minds, by *superficial* lays,

Who

Who the gay *trifling* croud with tinkling chimes
 Has skill to please, and *fash'onably* rhimes,
 To aim at most *stupendous* things is bold ;
 Who can his just *disdain* or *rage* with-hold ?
 Who, that true sence of the *prepost'rous* deed
 Provokes, wou'd not to *rigid* terms proceed ?

A * *work!* that has so many trials pass'd,
 And with the universe *deserves* to last !
 As beautiful ! almost as various too !
 Which we with almost equal wonder view !
 Whose solid worth thro' envious time remains,
 And as more known, more admiration gains !
 In its *vast* praise all men, all ages join !
 And justice from a *weak* attempt like thine,



O *P—pe*, can its transcendant AUTHOR find?
 To whose capacious, whose prodigious mind
Nature and *Fate* their utmost force impart,
 And shew the *whole* extent of human wit and art!
 What judgment does a task like this require?
 What sense! what knowledge! what amazing fire!

But 'tis in vain, the long establish'd *pride*
 Of Britain's sons, to censure or deride.
 As fruitless too, their knowledge 'tis t' advise;
 Who, ever were, in their *conceits*, so wise.
 Who, as reprov'd, the more *audacious* grow;
 And all things rightly—but *themselves*, they know.
 All things presume to do, when praise, or *pay*,
 Their darling guides, prepare the chosen way.

Behold three *Britons*, in three sev'ral times,
 Three sev'ral ways, for this, unsheath their rhimes.

Bold

Bold *Chapman* does the mighty work commence ;
And to a most prodigious length he stretches out his
 Tortures and racks it, as in meer despight, ^{(fence ;}
 Till cruelly at last, 'tis *murther'd* quite.

Then *Ogilby*, in terms more dull and low,
Whether he shou'd transvert him, yea or no,
 Debates—And then, as 'twas by fate decreed,
He feebly does attempt to do the deed.

Gay *P—pe* succeeds, and joins his skill with
 He smoothes him o'er, and gives him grace and ^{(these,}
 And makes him *fine*, — the *Beaus* and *Belles* to ^{(ease,}
 Thus is our *wit*, and thus our *learning* try'd ! ^{(please,}
 Thus Britons *write* ! and thus are qualify'd !

But ye, who well are to such works inclin'd,
 Thrice worthy judges of the British kind !

Tell

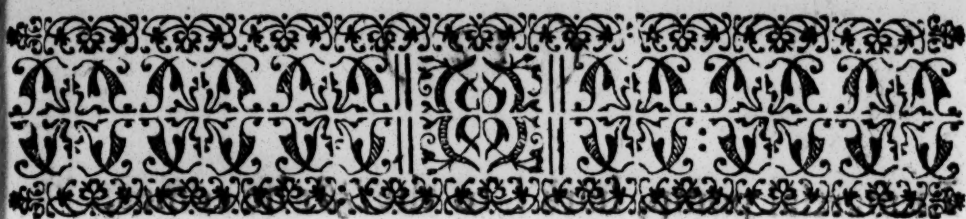
Tell me why HOMER must these wrongs sustain?
 Why meet this barb'rous, this unjust disdain?
 Is't thus we *noblest* strangers entertain?
 Is't thus, regard we to *desert* dispense?
 Suits this, our *hospitality* and *sense*?

Or wou'd we with a modest low desire,
 But to the meaning of his *words* aspire?
 If we for *this* alone, our aims employ,
 Th' *inglorious* task, a Pedant-Dunce or Boy
 May do—but if, in reason 'tis requir'd,
Translators shou'd be, like *himself*, inspir'd,
 Shou'd be with equal sense and judgment fill'd,
 In ev'ry human art as *greatly* skill'd,
 Explore the close recesses of his mind,
 His utmost meaning absolutely find,
 Know *nature*, and *themselves*, and *all mankind*:

And sure it is——if in this light we see
 This wond'rous Grecian—What alas! are we? ——

Then let us, if we can, for *shame* give o'er
 These *foolish* aims, and thus attempt no more :
 Nor by such actions *publickly* confess'd,
 Of all the *knowing* world become—the *jest*.
 For shame, let *reason* our endeavours rule ;
 Or, if we *must* proceed to play the *fool*,
 Let him be next *transform'd*—by youths at school.
 More laudably may *nobles* own *their* cause,
 And crown the *childish* work with bounty and ap-
 (plause.





SATIRE II.

To Mr. *T--ck--ll*, on the first Appearance of Mr. *P--pe*'s Proposals for Printing by Subscription, his Version of *Homer*'s *Iliad*.

ELL then, th' expected hour is come
(at last ;
W This age of *nonsense* rivals all the past.
Sing joyful *Io Peans* ! ancient wit

Shall now to *modern confidence* submit.

Great *P--pe* has to the combat *Homer* dar'd,

Already see the *champion* is prepar'd !

In martial pomp, hark ! to the *lists* he comes,
 Hight *Lintott's* shop, *subscriptions* are the *drums*.
 The *beaus*, and *criticks*, judges of the field,
 How soon do's the poor baffled *ancient* yeild !
 The Britons shout, and now *victoria* ! cry :
 And can'st thou, *T-ck--ll*, stand thus tamely by ?
 And not, like *him*, thy daring *nonsense* try ?
 Thus *unconcern'd* and *idle* in the throng,
 With the vast store that does to *thee* belong ?
Foremost thou shou'd'st have been : — but since the
 (case
 (As *merit* oft to *forwardness* gives place)
 Is thus ; — at least, the *second* glory share,
 And from the *Mantuan bard* the *laurel* rare.
Maro, by *Dryden* is but *half* disgrac'd ;
 Let him, by *thee*, be *totally* debas'd.
 Thou sure, *athletic bard* ! art *chiefly* fit,
 Of all the blust'ring empty foes of wit.

Thy

Thy *fustian* strain shall bear thee to the sky,
 And with his *elegance* shall proudly vie.
 In what can *he* be thy *superior* found?
 Tho' great in *sense*, thou'rt full as great in *sound*.

On then with speed! the gen'rous task pursue,
 Murder his *Trojans*, his *Rutilians* too.
 Those who shou'd *live*, let thy outrageous pen
 Destroy—and bravely slay the *slain* agen.
 His *Turnus* last dispatch, by slaught'ring strains,
 And spare the pious Trojan Hero's pains.
 His *peaceful* Georgics fill with dire *uproar*,
 And fright the swains with sounds unknown before.

Never let *nature*, *art*, or *sense* take place;
 Let no *such* things a work of *thine* disgrace:
 With just disdain let those *mean* trifles fall,
 And with stupendous *nonsense* charm us all.

Such

Such as once stuff'd thy pompous glaring strain,
 Bellowing the *view of peace* with France and Spain.
 Or, as with GEORGE, thro' the divided main,
 Thy muse came *roaring* to disturb his reign.
 Such gracious *Tonson* with a smile shall crown,
 And *Lintott* ne'er refuse, who knows the town:
 And *Addison*, thy most *impartial* friend,
 Shall readily approve and recommend.

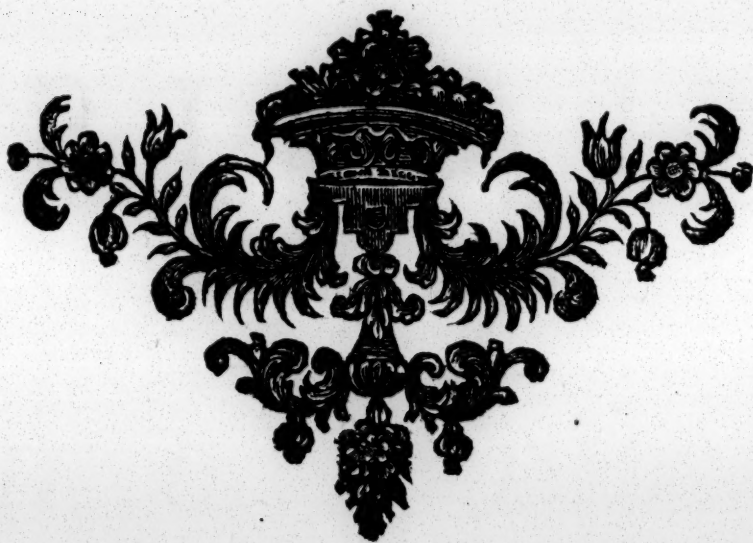
Such lines as *thine*, my Hero ! never fail ;
 For *noise* and *nonsense* over all prevail.
Nonsense and *noise* are fortune's special care ;
 By those alone, titles and wealth we share ;
 Oblige the *great*, and oft subdue the *fair*.
 But *wit*, like *truth*, or *honesty*, they shun ;
 And from th' ungrateful object swiftly run.
 What's wit ? what learning ? many bards before,
 Of these *neglected* things had plenteous store :

But them, alas ! with true *desert* endu'd,

Envy and *want* incessantly pursu'd.

More *prosp'rous* thou, art from *their* fate secure,

Nor (void of *worth*) shalt *fortune's* spite endure.



S A T I R E

But

But then, alas! with the desire ending,
Early and warm incessantly pouring,
More press'd than then, and from the fire below,
Nor (void of water) like former's fire endure.



THE END



H



An



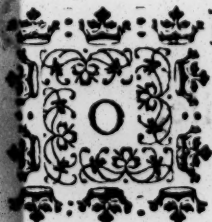
SATIRE III.

A N

EPISTLE

T O

H O M E R.

 H worthy HOMER! from the Stygian
(coast
Advance! arise, oh venerable ghost!
Now *Poetaſters* vilify thy ſtrain,
And a new *Zoilus* appears again.

C

As

As seven cities once, thy *vallu'd worth*
 Caus'd to dispute the title of thy birth ;
 As each the *honour* did contending claim,
 Thinking by *that* to gain immortal Fame;
 Of treating thee now *ill*, We seem to boast!
 And even *strive* who shall *degrade* thee most!
 Fiercely assail thy *merit* and thy *praise*,
 And in *their* Fall, our *vanity* wou'd raise.

Come! and thy course to Britain swiftly bend;
 Thy self, and *sinking* Poesy defend.
 Such patterns let thy wond'rous knowledge shew,
 That we, if we can yield to *learn*, may know,
 What poets are, who *really* are so.
 That *true* repute, from *custom* cannot rise,
 Nor in the bounty of a *rabble* lies,

Tha

That *faction* has not in its pow'r to give
 Th' amazing skill *eternally* to live,
 Or gain succeeding times; what zeal, what pain,
 They who seek this *hard* purchase shou'd sustain ;
 To make the glorious benefit secure,
 What things we must *reject*, and what *procure*,
Avoid, and *practice*, *conquer*, and *endure* ;
 With what *nice* care, and constancy of soul,
 All difficulties pass, and all controul,
 And what *sincerely* be ; *pretence*, and *pride*,
 With vain *conceit*, intirely cast aside.
 Shew the *right* way, so *hardly* found, to *fame*,
 Teach our censorious tongues, with *proper* blame,
 To tax *our selves*, and own a *needful* shame.
 Make us, if possible, converted, know,
 That *merit*, simply, do's from *nature* flow,
 And not from *dazling pomp*, and *specious show* ;

In *thought*, and *solid sense*, is only found,
And not in *frothy phrase*, and *ratt'ling sound*.

Yet stay ! forbear ! and as thou art remain,
Endure thy lot, nor wish to live again.
If thy *renown* that must for ever last,
That has thro' such a train of ages pass'd
Unweakned yet, that scorns to time to bow,
So great ! so fixt ! procures from Britons now
No more esteem, what cou'd'st thou find *unknown*,
Grac'd by thy *poor* transcendant *worth* alone.

Wou'd fate the gift of toilsome life restore,
And add endowments that were thine before ;
Did'st thou, oh HOMER ! in our land revive,
And hope with Britons on thy *wit* to thrive ;
Patrons and *criticks* wou'd that hope deceive,
And in despair thy failing *merit* leave.

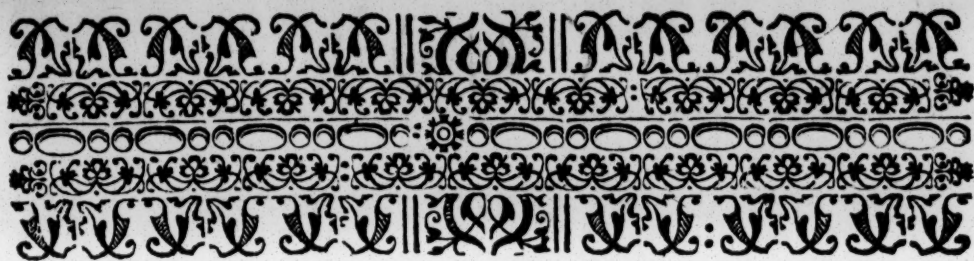
All wou'd thy *precepts* and thy *practice* scorn,
And thou become forsaken and forlorn.
Thou must, great *bard*! renew thy *suppliant* strain,
And pass from door to door, to beg thy bread again.



S A T I R E

(12)

38151



2

SATIRE IV.

A

CHARACTER

OF THE

NUNS.

HO' wond'rous things the female saints
(pretend,
T In what does woman's *feign'd* devotion
(end?
To gain admirers, treats, attendants,
(clothes,
Is all the zeal that she *sincerely* knows.

Ev'n

Ev'n common observation finds it true :
 But oh! the tricks of a *selected* crew !
 These, let the muse expose to publick view.
 Unvail them, that the world may plainly see
 What stains, *religious garb*, are found in thee!
 The vain pretence of female sanctity !

Many renounce the world upon constraint :
 And each *unwillingly* becomes a saint.
 But real piety can few surprise ;
 And ne'er prevails upon the *rich* and *wise*.
 None leave *dear* pomp, and *fashionable* sin :
 'Tis *wretches* only, that the *cloysters* win.
 Why should *they* waste their lives in irksome prayer,
 Seek *joys to come*, who *here* enjoyments share ?

But

But the poor nymph whom cruel love has cross'd ;
 Her *maiden toy*, or her *repute* has lost ;
 Who is in mind or body thus distress'd ;
 Or with the weight of *poverty* oppress'd ;
 Helpless, alas ! she's to devotion driven :
 And, for the *world* unfit, resign'd to *heaven*.

In *convents* thus dispos'd, at once, they do
 The work of *int'rest* and *religion* too.
 Yet the dear flesh *still* arrogates their cares ;
 And of their thoughts the *larger* portion shares.
Mildly to heav'n they look, and *coldly* pray,
 Still *loath* alas ! to go that *rigid* Way :
 But when to some kind mortal priest they kneel,
 'Tis *brisk* devotion then, and *fervent* zeal !

D

Then

Then pow'rful *raptures* plenteously arise,
 And heave their *pious* breasts, and roul their *ardent*
 (eyes.

Sometimes, (to try what strong conceit will do)
 With wanton words promiscuously they woo :
 And while each with licentious fury burns,
 They strive, to play the vigorous *male*, by turns.

Sometimes, their *pictures* melting thoughts in-
 (spire
 And cold and senseless *images* can fire.

But these are toys—the *monk*, beneath his hood,
 Is furnish'd with *substantial* flesh and blood,
 With *living* Joys, and with *unfeigned* good.

Yet still, they something to their wishes want,
 The monk is no *mercurial* true gallant;
 Void of the tempting *habit*, *air*, and *mien*;
 Oft too some little *dread* does intervene,
 And damp the furious joy: — or could the slave
 Perform whate'er their wild desires can crave;
 A perfect measure of delight dispense;
 And satisfy the gust of ev'ry sense;
 The charms of *novelty* would still prevail,
 Each head and heart *unsettled* as ——— the tail.

Now to the place of rendezvous repair,
 A lover to your minds attends ye there:
 One, in whom all that's graceful is combin'd,
 A sparkling *beau*. — the darling of your kind.

Mark with what looks they view him o'er and
 (o'er,
 Melting, thro' strong conceit, at ev'ry pore.
 Mark how they rage at their imprison'd state;
 And curse the cruel and obdurate grate.
 Yet what the *grate* does to their wish deny,
 Kind *fancy* still endeavours to supply.
 Nor grate *without*, nor holy vows *within*,
 Have power to restrain their wanton sin;
 But, as they can, they play——the luscious game,
 Well-known, tho' modesty conceals the name.
 How wond'rous this! —— that fairs in sacred cell
 Should dare to *act*—— what *we* must blush to *tell*.

Are these the fruits *religion* does afford?
 Its *nuptial* off rings to our dearest Lord?

Say, ye blasphemers, who thus lead your lives,
 Are *these* our *Saviour's* chaste and pious wives?
 Far more *reserv'd* and *continent* a train
 Our rev'rend matrons keep in *Drury-lane*.
 Where, to *advance* the *sober* trade each drives,
 And to *improve* their manners and their lives,
 Let each (to *perfect* what they've well begun)
 A pious *Abbess* be, or virtuous *Nun*.

F I N I S.



say, ye blasphemers, who thus lead your lives,

Are like our Saviour's chaste and pious wives

Far more revered and countenanced a train

Our virtuous matrons keep in Daway Lane.

Which, to advance the sober trade each drives,

And to improve their manners and their lives,

Are ever to be seen (ye well may say)

A pious flock, as pious May.



THE END



Lexicon Physico-Medicum :

OR,
A New MEDICINAL
DICTIONARY;

EXPLAINING

The Difficult TERMS used in the
several Branches of the Profession, and
in such Parts of Natural PHILOSOPHY
as are introductory thereto:

WITH
An ACCOUNT of the Things
Signified by such TERMS.

COLLECTED

From the most eminent AUTHORS ; and
particularly those who have wrote upon Me-
chanical Principles.

By JOHN QUINCY, M. D.

The FIFTH EDITION, with new Improve-
ments from the latest Chymical and Mecha-
nical Authors.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. LONGMAN, at the Ship in Pater-noster
Row. 1736.